

## The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING  
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware,  
McKENDREE DOWNHILL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 12, 1890.

### RULE OR RUIN

The Union Republicans of Wilmington to all appearances are bent upon carrying their policy of my man or defeat, rule or ruin. "Addicks or nobody" into the approaching municipal election. Last week they ousted Charles C. Hignutt from their City District Committee because he expressed his intentions to vote for a friend of a member of city council who is a Republican but not one of those labelled "I belong to the one-man party and vote as he dictates." This week another member of the same committee was sent the same road because his sympathies are with Mr. Hignutt. The excuse for all this is that it is time to stand up and be counted, time that the salaried Addicks managers had an inventory of their stock. The Kent and Sussex Addicks papers are urging with significant unanimity that such action be taken. Evidently the order is by authority of their chief boss. The Smyrna "Times" says the offence against Mr. Hignutt is "siding and abetting Regulars." That sounds better, will seemingly prejudice more people or, perhaps more accurately speaking, will arouse more deeply existing prejudice, than to state the simple truth as above given. And moreover it is a better excuse for advocating that Wilmington, a Republican city, be turned over to the Democrats, a most likely result of two Republican tickets. "Defeat" and "nobody," if not "ruin," have followed similar previous action on the part of the Union Republican party. How long will the honest men, the un-salaried men, the unpaid men of the party follow such leadings, such results?

The "Every Evening" and the "Evening Journal" are using their best efforts to have a city ticket nominated by both the Regular and the Union Republicans. In one issue they encourage the former and denounce the latter, and in the next issue their advice is reversed. Their object should be apparent to the most obtuse and should influence no one. Constant readers of those papers remember how they urged last fall that no question should divide Democrats in their votes for members of the General Assembly. "Silver is not an issue" was their cry "in the choice of a United States Senator, etc." Then how much less is any State or National question involved in Wilmington's city election. It is a matter of fact within the recollection of every man who has observed the municipal government of that city that under Republican rule the affairs have been better managed, the people have had cheaper and improved public service. Can Republicans then without regard to factions justify themselves in turning the city over to their opponents? There is no matter of principle, no matter of honor, in the selection of the most trusty worthy and competent citizens from the ranks of the two Republican parties or factions for all the city offices to be filled in June, a union ticket, and victory. There should be but one Republican ticket at the election in June. If "a count of noses" is imperative to the Union Republicans let one office serve as a sacrifice. Let factional nominations be made of men carrying their party strength only for the one office and a record will be rendered of "noses" more accurate by than full factual tickets and defeat of both.

This advice for harmony is, we believe, in the interest of good government in Wilmington and better feeling among Republicans in the State. We trust one Republican ticket may be the result of the best judgment of all Wilmington Republicans. If, however, the Union Republicans insist upon harmony with the Regular lamb inside the hungry Union lion, then the lamb had best ramify safe in its own pasture in the Regular Republican fold.

DR. THOS. C. MOORE, of Smyrna, secured the postponement of his trial in the Kent County Court last week for alleged violation of registration laws by making affidavit to the absence of a material witness. That witness, Emmett Lewis, writes the "Call" denying any communication directly or indirectly with Dr. Moore, as with other defendants similarly charged, since December 19, 1887. This puts Dr. Moore in a very bad light before the Court. The Smyrna "Times" says there is a misconception on the part of Mr. Lewis as to the purpose of the affidavit. The disposal of the case will be interesting next October.

Last week the "Sentinel" intimated that tax collectors in Kent County were collecting excessive taxes. A little further inquiry reveals the fact that this intimation is well-founded. Steps were taken in the direction of presenting the matter to the Grand Jury for investigation. For certain reasons the matter was not presented, the investigation was not made. The collectors implicated in this scheme of organized robbery are well-known, the proof is at hand. It may be that justice is only slumbering. During the past week, other revelations have been made, touching other collectors. It involves much more than the question of collecting illegal taxes. It involves the question of the purchase of votes to be paid for by an exemption from the collection of taxes upon real estate. These matters are subjects for the investigation of grand juries and the law officers of the State—Smyrna "Times."

If the above "intimations" are true give the public the information. What were the "certain reasons" for non-presentation to the Grand Jury. As the case stands it has all the appearance of intimidation to prevent the trial of partisans of the "Times" and others of that political band.

The TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 per year.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Special Correspondent.

## LETTERS FROM MANILA

GARRETT C. POGUE WRITES TO HIS RELATIVES IN MIDDLETOWN OF THE FILIPINO OUTBREAKS

The following letters have been received by Miss Annie Cox, of this town, and were tendered the Transcript for publication. They give actual facts as to the attacks on the United States troops.

SAN SEBASTIAN, MANILA, P. I.,  
March 21st, 1890.

My Dear Aunt—My letters are rather disjointed and long time between dates, (not drunks). Each day has its own record and history here now, but will go back to Feb. 4th, and tell you a few incidents. Having been on special duty, and enlisted detached from my regiment and company and enjoy all the liberties of a citizen, and seldom wear the regulation uniform of Kaki, (like the British soldiers wear in India and Egypt), and of course have more opportunities for sight-seeing over the city and vicinity. The famous Saturday night the trouble began was an ideal tropical one not too hot and everything was in perfect bloom. I took a ride along the Luneta, the fashionable driveway of Manila down close to the bay, came back to the Escudo, the Broadway of Manila, dismissed my carriage and felt in the humor to see the sights, the kaleidoscope of humanity, languages, color, costumes, and almost over nationality the sun shines in the western hemisphere, the gorgeous displays in the windows of European and Oriental stores, cafés and concert halls, enjoying it all, only as a Yankee can and the beautiful well-dressed Spanish ladies were strictly in evidence, promenading and riding in their splendidly equipped carriages. There was a perfect bubble of tongue. These people all talk at once. Everyone seemed care-free and happy, and up to the crowded street, the sound of good old familiar tunes floated out to me from a brilliantly lighted cafe. Did I go in? I did, and it was good as a shot to watch the cosmopolitan crew in there, Filipino orchestra playing varied selections to suit all, and while sipping my glass of "cold tea," I just counted the different nationalities in the citizens and soldiers, sailors and marines, Spanish, French, German, Russian, English, Japanese, Portuguese, Malay, Turkish, and a few East Indian merchants from Singapore, Bombay and Calcutta; but head and shoulders above them all loomed our tall splendidly built American. It makes a man feel proud to think he's an American, when he stands up with the Latin and Oriental races, and as I paid my score, lit a fresh cigar, was just at the door when I saw a few soldiers running down the street, a sudden flush on the noisy crowd, like a calm before a storm, and a voice rang out clear and distinct—"Soldiers, to your quarters! the rebels are attacked!" Well? I have seen stampedes, prairie fires and panics. This was a combination of all for about 15 minutes; big doors were slammed too, iron shutters came down with a crash, locks, bolts and bars were in place, the soldiers simply turned street cars around and when full drove at a gallop to the end of the car line, occupants of cars and carriages were simply crowded out and a soldier did the driving, and it began to dawn on me that I had important business in the San Sebastian and San Paloc districts, and as I started for home, saw a Filipino gentleman on a splendid little horse. He got off real quick, with a little assistance from me, of course he resented it and I am afraid I hurt his feelings, as he was lying in the street when I rode away, did not mean to hit very hard either. Came here and quickly changed white ducks for brown canvas trousers, blue shirt, boots, campaign hat, buckled on belt of cartridges, filled my canteen and with rifle slung across my shoulder, rode out to my regiment and company, (who were already there) and passed regiment after regiment and two light batteries all going to the front and to their pre-arranged positions on the lines, all this time the firing was growing hotter and hotter, bullets came patterning down through roofs and in the streets, for we were just on bay shore on the north and east clear around to the south side, making a  $\frac{1}{2}$  circle about 16 miles long, which 4,000 men held over an hour, until the reserve and reinforcements came up, against at least 35,000 insurgents. For nearly a mile I galloped through a young hall storm of Mauser and Remington bullets—the latter use a 50 calibre brass jacket on the lead, and in most cases causes blood poisoning and death follows from an ordinary flesh wound, and by accident, found my old company who were doing duty on an extreme outpost, dismounting turned my horse loose and sent him toward the city free, and found my old comrades all busy "pumping lead" and was recognized and welcomed by—"Say, fellows, here's the man, here's Pogo." Was put in charge of 16 strapping young soldiers and a horse and was sent to the front, and I had to walk back and forth and keep cautioning the men in "military language" to keep down, when the old banks of last August grunted out: Why you—fool, what you standing up for? Must be a sieve, eh? Had forgotten that I was. Three different times the insurrectos made a small raid almost within reach of our bay. The men in advance, the riflemen were fine, brave, and much to their surprise we didn't score worth a cent, at their wicked looking knives, machetes and bolos, and all this time there were fully forty thousand men on both sides engaged, 3 thousand bayonets, rapid fire Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, Mausers, Remingtons, Krags-Jorgensen and good Springfield, each have a bark and bite distinctly their own. But, there is nothing "on earth, or under the earth," that has such a mean, low, down, villainous, as a Mauser bullet, a rattle snake would blush for shame in comparison to it. The air seemed crowded with lead, steel and old iron. Down on the bay the fleet were doing good work with machine guns and secondary batteries, once in awhile a terrible 8-inch shell would go over our heads toward the insurgent trenches, and when it exploded it was like a small earthquake. Men began to lie still and when rolled over the sand truth was revealed, a Mauser will go through and through a man with such fearful vitality it seems to almost cauterize its own wind, the little steel shells leave a red bloodless mark. I have seen strong men when hit in the body, suddenly stand up straight and stiff for a few seconds and look dazed, the head would droop and weas back and forth a few times with a last convulsive shudder, throw up their arms and go down like a huge tree, almost invariably on their face, seldom does one ever cry out or make a sound, a low moan or a sigh. It's curious but sad to see the various expressions on those dead faces, some are still set in grim determination, rifle still clasped in the death grip, while others have a peaceful

some times even glorious expression, a faint smile seems to linger around the corner of the mouth on the bronzed bearded face, as though, before the spark of life left their bodies they had seen something beautiful or had for a fleeting second seen joyous ones. We will hope they did.

"Cheers for the living, tears for the dead." This is the other side of war, its hunger, thirst, fever and a thousand things wear out these brave lives. Death seems to hang over like a phantom or cloud, but with it all we face the grim messenger with a smile and a jest, call it courage, call it duty, patriotism, or what you will, the fact remains unchanged, they were men, made in the image of their Creator. But it is cruel, cruel to think of this great loss of lives and by the very men we came to liberate from bondage and misrule, to give them freedom, liberty and enlightenment. Every regiment here has been engaged and will add this to my remarks, the Volunteers have done the bulk of the fighting here, did it well, and are equal to any like number of Regulars in the United States army.

A small per cent. of the Regulars have seen actual service and 75 per cent. are green recruits, "like we were one year ago," but can now be classed with veterans.

Four regiments who came last summer

when we did splendid troops and there is no difference in the relative merits here between Regulars and Volunteers. The troops made a general advance early Sunday morning and with constant hard fighting up-to-date, are still advancing and victorious. Malabon, Malolos and Bulacan are next on the line, Malolos is the capital of Filipino government and Aguinaldo's headquarters. Between 500 and 600 have been wounded and killed up to this writing, and now, dear aunt, as my time is limited must draw my poor letter to a close. Hoping this may find you all well and that I may hear from you soon, I am the same Loving Nephew

GARRETT C. POGUE,  
Corporate Co. K, 1st Manila, P. I.

From the land of the "Orient and Occident, Incidents and Accidents."

MARCH 4TH, 1890. 8:45 P. M.

My Dear Aunt—I have much to tell and very little time to do it in, and if I cannot finish it will, at night, will at my first opportunity. One month ago this very night and hour, the real history of Manila will date, and when the news was flashed around the world, under the ocean, to far away America, it must have been a thunder bolt in the thousands of homes for those who have fathers, sons, husbands and brothers here in the army, and now instead of looking for the glad tidings of home coming, in the papers, they are watching with dimmed eyes and heavy heart that long list "and which is steadily increasing every day" of the dead and wounded. "We will suppose its one of your ideal summer evenings, such as you have in dear old Delaware, in the month of June, calm, beautiful and all nature seemingly at rest and peace. The very air heavy and sweet with the perfume and fragrance of flowers and blossoming fruit trees, the young moon looking down on this scene of quietness, sweetness and purity, nothing to disturb the stillness or break the sound of the soft whispering breezes as it scarcely rustles the leaves. We will still suppose you are sitting out in front of the dear old comfortable home, drinking in this beautiful sun inspiring scene, listening to the hum of insects, the chirp of a bird to its mate. "The only good who can fully appreciate these specimens of God's handiwork is the subtle voices of nature that know of his ever present power giving rest to the soul and body. When suddenly there comes a sound to your ears from the north bound to you on the still sweetly scented caressing night winds, there comes another, you start to rise when you hear clear and distinct the sharp ringing crack of rifles, louder and clearer do they seem to be, increasing in volume and rapidly. You are chained to the spot, breathless, your lips are dry, you are aghast with the then unused tears, you tremble with sudden fear. Then you hear the dull heavy boom of cannon, it makes the earth tremble and shake, and as the echo rolls over you hear it again, this time the terrible report's are blended into one, only more savage and vicious, the air vibrates and quivers, suddenly you hear galloping hoofs, ah! it's a messenger riding for life with orders, what orders? you ask you self, and here comes even more. You see men running hastily in different directions, you hear strange commands, voices speaking quick and sharp, and as you stand there, you hear the rumble of heavy wheels, the sound of steel shod hoofs of galloping hoofs, see, in this beautiful sun inspiring scene, listen to the hum of insects, the chirp of a bird to its mate. 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THE CHURCHES IN MIDDLETON.

Bethesda M. E. Church.—Rev. Isaac L. Wood, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 P. M. Sabbath eve, at 7 P. M. A. C. C. Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M. Epworth Cadets every Friday night at 7 o'clock. Young Ladies Missionary Society, every Saturday. Pastoral Women's Foreign Missionary Society, first Friday night of each month. Women's Home Missionary Society, first Thursday evening of each month. Mite Society, first Saturday night of each month. Ladies' Aid, Pastoral. The Ladies' Aid of each month at 2:30 o'clock.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7 P. M. A. C. C. Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. C. E. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Pastoral Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Junior Society, every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

First Methodist Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7 P. M. A. C. C. Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. C. E. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Pastoral Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Junior Society, every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7 P. M. A. C. C. Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. C. E. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Pastoral Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Junior Society, every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

First Baptist Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7 P. M. A. C. C. Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. C. E. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Pastoral Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Junior Society, every Saturday evening, at 8 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

MIDDLETON, DEL., MAY 13, 1898.

### NOTICE.

Because of illness many subscriptions paid recently have not been charged on the books though properly credited in the subscription books. Prompt notice should be given of failure to receive paper, or if own carrier does not leave paper where desired.

### Local News.

—Are you going to the show? The hose company was out on Tuesday night.

—Notes, bonds, warrants, in fact all kinds of legal blanks at this office.

—Starr Bros., of Salem, N. J., will erect a canning factory at Port Penn.

—Have you read the interesting letter from Man in this day's Transcript?

—Copies made from The Times or any other pictures of any description in Trinkets' Studio.

—Shirts, 10c; Cuffs, 4c; Collars, 2c. All work guaranteed to be the best.—Lee Sing, North Broad Street.

—Messrs. J. C. Parker & Son and Mr. W. S. Letherby have a word for you in the advertising columns.

—Remember that J. F. McWhorter & Son have a full line of carriages and agricultural implements on hand.

—Special opening for children next Saturday, May 20, at Mrs. Peterson's. Come and see the bargains.

—Every tax payer is interested in the report upon St. Georges Hundred road account in another column.

—Governor Tunney has appointed Thomas Bratton as justice of the peace and notary public at Townsend.

—William S. Knight, whist player for the Delaware district, has been suspended for thirty days by Collector Paret.

—Wild strawberries in bloom are noticed along our country roads, while the woods are white with the blossoming dogwood.

—Don't forget the entertaining and instructive Bethesda Epworth League. Meetings every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock.

—The rain of Saturday night last did a considerable good. Truck and fruit had begun to suffer for want of sufficient moisture.

—If you are going to marry, you need a nicely gotten-up invitation. Call at the Transcript and get our prices and see samples.

—Special Bargain Sale of 2000 pieces of ready-made up-to-date clothing will be sold for 10 cents each on May 27th, at Mrs. Peterson's.

—The vote at the Clayton town election on Saturday last was as follows: Charles A. Brown, 48; Isaac N. Mills, 33; William T. Dayett, 9.

—Through the efforts of the New Century Club, of Wilmington, Townsend will have a circulating library. This is the sixth library put out by this club.

—PLANTS FOR SALE.—Tomato, Sweet Potato and Cabbage Plants for sale. Also a full line of Breden Flowers and Bulbs. E. J. STEELE, Florist, Middletown, Del.

—If you are going out of town for an outing leave your address at The Transcript office and the paper will follow you. It is the only way to keep posted on town affairs.

—Bishop Coleman will preach at St. Anne's Church to-morrow morning. The rite of confirmation will be administered. In the afternoon at three o'clock the Bishop will preach at Olessa.

—AGENTS WANTED.—To take orders for my specialties in Roses, Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Stock. I have a few specialties that sell at sight. Write for terms. C. L. Yates, Rochester, N. Y.

—Do you want the 'best farm wagon made'? If so, buy the Milburn. Do you want to double the profits from your cows? If so, buy the American Separator. The above are for sale.

J. F. MCWHORTER & SON

—The Secretary of State has announced that he will receive the right to pass upon the names of corporations applying for charters under the law, to avoid the possibility of one corporation infringing on the rights of title of another.

—On May 11 a show case at the store of State Senator Salmon at Summit Bridge, was set out doors. Suddenly an explosion occurred, wrecking the case and contents. It is supposed to have been caused by the sun's rays igniting a lot of celluloid goods.

—Delaware Railroad Company directors in Wilmington, accepted the resignation of Judge George Gray, George V. Massey and William A. Paxton as directors, and Samuel Brantford Jr., Murry V. Miller and Charles Weston were elected to succeed them.

—Valuable patterns and stock were destroyed at E. L. Jones & Co.'s, machine shops, in Dover, on Sunday morning last, by fire. Six hundred finished shirts of the Dover Shirt Factory were destroyed by sparks falling on some waste the day before.

—"Let my gall bears be young men who never touched liquor," was the dying request of Daniel S. Gillespie, of Wilmington. A complication of disease caused his death, but he attributed the cause of the disease to his having joined his companions who embodied too freely of the flowing bowl.

—It is said that the Diamond State Telephone Co. are making arrangements to use the lines of the Delaware Telephone Co., in Wilmington, and connections will be made through Townsend, Middletown, Odessa, Delaware City and New Castle. This will give complete service from Wilmington to Salisbury, Md.

—It was not the Noxontown mill dam that broke recently but Harmon's at Townsend, now repaired.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Maxwell have moved from Wilmington to their farm near town. To return to Middletown the next day. It is like a home coming to them and numerous friends.

—Mr. J. B. Goff having entered to travel for a creamery machinery and supplies firm his family will move back to Middletown next week in the gratification of their many friends.

—At a business meeting of the Christian Endeavor of First Presbyterian church the following officers were elected: President, J. F. Dekeyne; Vice President, Mrs. Single Eliason; Rec. Secretary, Miss Anna Eliason; Cor. Secretary, Miss Mary Rothwell; Treasurer, Miss Martha Glavin.

—At 10:30 a. m. at Bethesda M. E. Church to-morrow the pastor's subject will be "Heroic virtues in humble places." Mark 12, 41-44. In the evening the 10th anniversary of the Epworth League will be observed by special program at 7:30. Pastor's subject "Life's Law of Investment" 2 Cor. 9, 6. Cordial invitation to all.

—The school commissioners of Cecil county appointed this week among the school trustees three ladies: Mrs. W. D. Bradford, of second district; Miss Maggie Gilpin, of third district; and Mrs. Caspian Kirk, of fifth district. The two first named are well known in Middletown. They take great interest in all educational matters.

—April showers were lacking this year than rain from about the 18th of the month until Monday. While not copious, the rain which fell Monday did an immense amount of good. Strawberries, wheat and grass were suffering from the continued dry weather, but the rains later have already started complaint with some, "too wet," so ready are the complaints at Providence.

—The public school teachers of Delaware are now engaged in taking the census of the state under orders of the State Board of Education. The work must be completed this month and covers a vast amount of school statistics. If the school marks of Middletown, of any other town or the country inquire as to your age be civil in your answer, remembering the questioner is the State Board of Education.

—The safe in the office of the Bayard Brewery, at Fifth and duPont streets, Wilmington, was blown open at 2:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, and \$149.00 in money and securities was stolen. The robbers were six in number and made their appearance about 2 o'clock. Watchman Meyer and Engineer Feasting were overpowered and bound, after which the robbers proceeded to rifle the office. At the first explosion guards from both men in the neighborhood by blowing the steam whistles. Police soon made their appearance and it was found that the door of the large safe had been blown nearly off. The robbers made their escape, but left a clue in a pocket handkerchief which is now in the hands of the police of the enter-tainment.

—Working night and day.

—If there were no children there would be no circus; which sapient and self evident digress we supplement with the remark that the management most generously recognizing this living truth accumulates the most striking shakles. That the handiwork of the Great Adam Farnsworth and Sons Brothers' "American's Greatest Shows," which are to make their first consolidated appearance at Wilmington on Wednesday, May 17th, take the same view of the unusual efforts they have made to best cater to the ardent wants and wishes of the little folks, by adding to the calendar of holidays what may be termed "Children's Day." Converted into a huge playground for this purpose, the grand arena of the great hippodrome, the three rings, the serial field, and the two elevated stages fairly overflow with the funniest of clowns and grotesques and the most waggish of beasts. There is a sprightly band of Great Danes, dogs, running ponies, ludicrous monkey actors and jockeys, pig professors, collegiate donkeys, merrily and bears, learned birds, performing goats and mirth-provoking and astonishing creatures, in herds, troupes and families. The Mother Goose parade, fairland pageants add romantic spectacles will also dazzlingly elate the young eyes for which they are specially intended. And the most positive assurance is given that nothing is anywhere introduced to mar the high character of the enter-tainment.

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# Consumption AND ITS CURE

TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two copies free to Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their address. Sincerely,

J. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Middletown, Del.

## Middletown Directory.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS  
President, J. P. McWhorter; Secretary, J. A. Suydam; Cashier, Geo. D. Kelley; Teller, W. G. Lockwood. Bank Building on East Main Street.

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK—President, Joseph Biggs; Cashier, John S. Crouch; Teller, J. D. Darlington. Bank Building on South Broad Street.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Middletown Council, No. 2, J. O. U. A. Meets every Monday night in McWhorter's Union Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M. Meets first Tuesday of each month in Town Hall at 8 o'clock.

Major John Jones Post, No. 22, G. A. Meets every Friday night in Reynolds Building.

Welcome Conclave Hespahtos, Meets every second and fourth Friday night of the month in Union Lodge, No. 6, A. O. U. W. Meets every 2d and 4th Tuesday night in McWhorter's Hall.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Volunteer Hose Company, Meets first Friday night of each month in Hose House.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 18, 1899

PERIL MADE THEM FRIENDS.

The Wild Beasts Herded Together to Escape a Forest Fire.

Theaters in New Zealand.

A New Zealand correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes:

"The first floor of their theaters is flat, supplied with plain, unpainted wooden benches, with open backs. The balcony, the fashionable place, contains only cheap upholstered benches, and is badly ventilated. Early door tickets at 12½ cents extra are sold, admitting the fellor an hour before the regular doors open, that he may obtain first choice of the unpainted benches. Five minutes before the orchestra appears a big bell, suspended in the theater, is rapidly rung, making all but the dead jump. Then all knowing ones understand that order is given for a fire alarm."

"Every Saturday night all New Zealanders and the little crowd their theater, the timidity gone from the big eyed deer, no venom in the wildcat's purr and honesty shining in the gray coyote's face. The rabbits sat on their haunches as meek as the pets of children. But the poor coyote was in pain, and as the farmer came close the erstwhile robber of the roost dragged his helpless hind quarters toward the man in mute supplication. The legs of the animal had been frightfully burned.

The rancher was in no mood to make friends of such strange creatures, and at once drove his stock through the smoldering brush, the deer going along with the cattle, the rabbits hopping along at the rancher's heels, the wildcats slouching along behind, and the coyote, unable to follow, whining a pathetic appeal for succor. When the burning field was passed, the deer broke into a run for the distant hills, the rabbits were away in a flash, and the coyote, after a few sharp barks, leaped back to the wildcats, who scorned to make a show of haste. They walked slowly out of sight—San Diego Union.

MONKEY AND BOY.

They Were Equally Concerned in the Jail Delivery.

In the picturesque little town of Lawrenceburg, Ind., there used to be an old stone building that was used as a jail. It could tell many a strange story of the persons it deprived of liberty, but would, if it were wise, be silent concerning one incident that proved to be a joke on itself.

Among the boys of the town was a half-witted lad who was particularly incapable, and who, in company with a number of other boys, was a little monkey. He attended his school faithfully as Mary's little lamb. One of his mental weaknesses was known to be a confusion of the ideas of mine and thine, and after one very considerable theft the local Sherlock Holmes found footprints of Jocko, the monkey, in regions from which the missing articles had disappeared, and so the boy was arrested. There was no law for imprisoning the monkey, so he was not "pinched." The boy was a model prisoner for several days, but was suddenly seized with a desire to have his monkey with him. So suddenly did he get this that the good natured jailer had Jocko brought to the cell. That night the lad, who was supposed to be intelligent, but was really a baboon, was in the mortar around one of the largest stones in the outer wall. He could not do much with his blunt fingers and weak nails, but the monkey immediately began imitating him. The long claws of the animal soon loosened up enough mortar to enable the boy to pull the stone out of the wall, and before morning both boy and monkey had disappeared. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Speechless With Rage.

"Speechless with rage," says Darwin, "in turn the steady flow of my rage force to the muscles." This prevents the proper working of those muscles which are used in speaking; hence the stumbling and incoherence of the speech. "The voice sticks in the throat," to use the words of Virgil. In some cases speech is for a short time impossible, as is seen where a person is said to be "speechless with rage." The hoarseness of the voice is due partly to the fact that passion causes an overaction of all the organs, partly by the fact that for generations harsh and fierce sounds have been made use of, to terrify opponents, and partly because it comes to be associated instinctively with anger. Possibly the fact also has its influence that the utterance of sounds such as those referred to is in some way or the other a relief to the feelings.

Yellow New York.

We know of no city in all this land, excepting Hoboken or Jersey City, which is less national in its feelings, its ideas and its aspirations than New York. It has never yet done anything really national. There was not public sentiment in New York to do classes of the town to even hold the pedestal of the Liberty statue. The same sentiment waited years and went begging all over the country to raise a fund for the Grant monument—a duty which, in 1885, they claimed as their peculiar privilege. But New York is New York. There is none like it, nor shall till our summers have decreased. It is yellow and it continually doth bark—Washington Post.

Trying to Fix a Limit.

Mr. Godwin—How old do you think Mr. Maxwell to be?

Mrs. Nerdow—From his general behavior I should estimate his age to be about 180. When a woman looks at him now, he doesn't think she's in love with him.—Chicago Tribune.

We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every boodle of Hood's Saraparilla contains good health.

Hoxie—Old Moneybags must have sympathetic relations. I hear that they're worried sick over the condition of his health.—Joxie—Yes, they're afraid now that he really will recover.

The Discovery of an Artist.  
In the Cathedral of Nantes, France, there is a monument to Francis II of Bretagne and his wife Margaret which is considered one of the masterpieces of French sculpture. It is over 300 years old, and until twenty odd years ago no one knew to whom to ascribe it. Then by chance an old stone slab was discovered in the same cathedral bearing the initials of Michel Colombe, was a poor for-  
saken boy whose only home was the high road, where alone God and our Bretagne saints watched over me. The fellor forgot to eat and drink while looking at the stonemasons who made the beautiful stone crosses for the holy place in the diocese of Leon, and I myself carved small images with a wretched knife, when worthy priests took compassion upon me, fed me and said to me: 'Work, thou little one, and look as much as thou pleasest at the carved belfry and at the beautiful work of the guild (sculptors). Look at all thine love the good God, the mild Saviour and the blessed Virgin Mary. Then thy name shall be honored in the diocese of Leon and in the beautiful Bretagne.' This I did for a long while that I might become a good workman, and then our Duchess Anna gave me an order to cut a monument to our gracious Duke Francis II and the Duchess Margaret."

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